The FOX and the BADGER diſmiſs'd.

GOOD people a moment liſten to me,
While thus I ſing I'm merry and free,
Altho' I ſing not of women nor wine,
There's many a ſong not ſo true as mine;
But of racing who will not race till he dies,
Since the loaves and the fiſhes is now the head prize
Yet there's never a jockey that ever gets on,
But they're cheats and ſcoundrels every one.

The King one day in his temple of late,
Took council therein concerning the ſtate,
He view'd his affairs in a deſperate light,
And wiſh'd to God he cou'd ſet them right;
This Eaſt India Bill it will leſſen our power,
So in office they ſhall not continue one hour;
I'll uſe my prerogative, bid them begone,
Rogues and ſcoundrels every one.

There's Badger and Reynard two vermin of old,
That were once like the dog and the ox in the fold
They ſnarl'd each other quite out of breath,
Till now at laſt they ſlink in one earth;
They're naucious I ſay, made of rotten clay,
Nor will they keep honeſt for one ſingle day;
I'll uſe my prerogative, bid them begone,
Rogues and ſcoundrels every one.

That Badger that thief, what a cruel race,
He run and he loſt in ſeven years ſpace,
Thirteen fine colonies out to an end,
Millions of money and thouſands of men,
Yet had the impudence to ſtart again,
After being beaten by twenty and one;
Of all the villains that ever got on
He's the vileſt,—ſo bid him begone.

Excepting ſly Reynard I think he's his match,
His rogu'ry I am determin'd to watch;
North rob'd the country, Fox will rob me,
Shou'd I not uſe my monarchy;
Burke, that mock patriot, in the ſame tether,
Villains all three—we'll tack them together,
Uſe our prerogative bid them begone,
Rogues and ſcoundrels every one.

Go bring me here Pitt of eloquence great,
So young he has not yet learn'd to cheat,
Its he ſhall drive Old England ſtate coach,
While they neglected ſhall ſtorm and reproach;
Let their evil conſcience curſe them yet more,
For the gods themſelves has not one in ſtore;
For ſuch wicked ſinners they cannot atone,
Rogues and ſcoundrels every one.

Let them and their creatures ſay what they will,
I'm King of Great Britain and will be ſo ſtill;
I'll teach thoſe traitors how to behave,
Or I'll give orders to hang every knave,
On a thing painted white, like a gallows or poſt,
And will write thereon each country they've loſt
Expoſe them in giblets like Painter John,
Rogues and ſcoundrels every one.

The Turn Coat.

TO you Mr. John I ſpeak as I think,
You ſee other men's faults at your own you do wink,
Blames Lord Gallway for accepting a place,
But it plainly appears that he's not in diſgrace.

Now Mr. John pray how can you thrive,
For Taxing the poor, Sir, both dead and alive,
When we marry there's threepence and die there's the ſame.
And there's threepence more for every child's name.

But I wiſh you as well as that man I ſay,
Who wrought very hard, Sir, for both night and day,
And by his hand labour Gallway he came in,
But now he diſowns him the devil own him.

With ſuch men as thoſe what mean you to do,
They'll promiſe at night in the morning they'll rue,
For ſuch a man's word I'd not give a groat,
Tho' he wears a black gown for to hide his turn'd coat.

There's Milnes and my Lord the cauſe will not yield,
While they have a man for to fight in the field,
They fight for the King for the country and you,
You may ſay as you will I am ſure they're true blue.

The Crafty Old Fox.

WELL met brother Freemen what news from the court,
Come tell me the reaſon of this ſtrange report,
There's Fox and there's Pitt, in their minds can't agree,
And the King has diſſolv'd the Commons you ſee.
Derry down, &c.

This Fox he is the principal Man,
Who breeds this Diſorder and draws out the plan,
And with his fine ſpeeches that's both long and loud,
They juſt ſerve for paſtime do the nation no good.
Derry down, &c.

Do take my advice, if not you're to blame,
Stand up for brave Pitt for I'm ſure he's the Man;
For Fox is a turn coat, this you muſt allow,
He'll change like the moon, every month ſhe is new.
Derry down, &c.

For Fox and his party we care not a louſe,
If once Mr. Pitt gets the ſway in the houſe;
Then my brave lads you never need fear,
But we'll have a new Parliament once in three years.
Derry down, &c.

You Freemen of York caſt your votes not away,
Here is Mr. MILNES and my Lord GALLWAY;
Who will ſtand up for Pitt for your country and king,
For this Fox and his party is not the right thing.
Derry down, &c.

You who vote for the county, pray mind what you do,
There's WEDDELL and FOLJAMBE they both join the crew,
Who would take from the King the right that's his own,
Send them out of ſight like an Air Balloon.
Derry down, &c.